

1

DIARY 1997
Barbara Bender

Saturday, May 24(?)

Sitting in the car at the Althernun cross:

Usual hectic preparations – not helped by not remembering where I'd stored things at the end of the dig last year. Some stuff in the rafters of the garage, some in the loft ... Raced around Sidmouth yesterday for things on Sue's list. So left a bit late (12ish). Whip into Somerfields for quantities of coffee, tea, biscuits, and stuff for tonight's supper.

Off again – fine sunny day. Don't think about Bodmin much, but then begin to look out for familiar Bodmin silhouettes. At Sourton, and then again at Liftondown(?) see a very distinct outline, but it isn't one that I can name. It's only after the Camelford turnoff that the rough spine of Brown Willie and the pinnacles of Rough Tor come into sight. Heart lift.

Supposed to be meeting Chris, Tony and Mike at Althernun carpark (Chris's instructions relayed via Tony). But there doesn't seem to be a carpark. Since I'm a bit early I finally get to see the inside of the Althernun church. Fantastic – font, granite arches, pew-ends. An old man takes me off to see the altar rail and shows me where the name of the vicar and carver are carved in the wood.

The nearest thing to a carpark seems to be the pocket-handkerchief-sized 'green' with the cross, but no-one's come...

Sue has really managed everything so far. Chris and I have been very passive. It's just that the dig has a life and a timetable of its own and so it gets under way without any help from us... But, of course, it's much more than that. Sue put in all the grant applications. It's as though Chris and I, having always operated solo, continue to do so despite everything. But at least I got around to thanking Sue the other day. I guess, from her response, that she has been feeling rather put upon.

Thinking about what we're going to be doing this year, it seems very much that we're tidying up, firming up, the materiality of the place. Houses, walls, shrines. Pinning them onto paper. Feel more confident about what we're looking for, what we're looking at ... I'm hoping we'll continue to create a biography of place: 'This is where ...', 'Here they ...', 'And then they ...' Hoping that the stones that we've called shrines,

or the stones in the wall that seem carefully chosen will become familiar, and that we'll see more relationships between shrine and house and pathway and entrance ..

We need, too, to explore the slopes and hilltop above the houses. Somehow, last year, we avoided the quoit stone and, even more, the cairn. Perhaps it had to do with the continuous movement between stone row and settlement (the trajectory of mealtimes, and end-of-day times). This year we'll settle into one of the houses and so, perhaps, it'll come more naturally that we move *up* the hill.

Hope, talking to Dave Hooley and Peter Herring, to think more about cultivation and animal husbandry and seasonal movements around the landscape. Leskernick people moving along familiar pathways, revisiting familiar places, reaffirming relationships – to place and other people. I'd also like to revisit places within the Leskernick circumference - Codda settlement and the ring of hilltop cairns and tors.

And then we need to take on board some of the later re-usings on the hillside – the millstones, granary stones, different quarrying methods ...

Talking recently to Wayne about his thesis reminds me that we should, perhaps, think about the locale in a web of more extensive relationships (concertina-ed landscapes). From the Stonehenge/Avebury end of things we talk casually of Cornish pottery with grabboic filler, of hardstone axes and tin. All of which create a core-periphery scenario. So, OK, what was it like on the 'periphery'? What was it like looking outwards from Leskernick towards these other places? There's Rillaton quite near by – and beyond that?

And then there's the question of representations. If Jeremy does come up with more 'official' house-plans, could Wayne create overlays that add other dimensions? Hope, too, that Pete Herring (and others/self?) find ways of *re-creating* the enclosures.

And, finally, there's the sociology. Ah – that's the most unknown. Tony says that – already – Mike has found the archaeologists quite hostile to his ideas. We'll have to find ways to create spaces for people. Mike and Tony should probably make sure that they get time off-site so that they don't get too immersed.

Mike and Tony have arrived!

Sunday, May 25

Tony and Mike arrive ... fine ... no Chris ... wait ... still no Chris. Eventually (an hour later) we take off to Westmoorgate. Chris's car is there. Hell! Walk over the moor. Wonderful clear day. Rough Tor spectacular on the skyline. Slowly the soft hill of Lerskernick defines itself in front of Rough Tor.

'It's like the sea', Tony says.

Three figures lift from the hill and approach: Chris, Sue and Mike. Chris swears that the meeting point was Westmoorgate, Tony's pretty sure it was Alernum. Somewhat disgruntled standoff and, as usual, feel I should smooth things. Am already aware that this bit of social interaction may well hit the sociologists' notebooks. I guess that this may be the pattern – knowing that we're under the microscope will not – I think – much change the behaviour, but will add an extra self-consciousness.

Sue and Mike (latter much more relaxed) go off to Bodmin. Chris, and I, and Tony/Mike tail each other back to the campsite. It seems a long way.

Settle Tony and Mike into a very large luxurious caravan. Find my own slightly less grand – but still very fine – one. Sharing with Sue and Chris. Go off and start supper in the Mike/Tony/Helen caravan. Apart from having forgotten the flour for the cheese sauce all goes well – Tony makes the salad, Helen the baked bananas, Mike opens wine bottles ...

An amiable, rather low-key meal. The I of A people seem to want to talk archaeology, Mike S-T seems to want to talk about how handsome he is, Tony and I talk about the National Trust and the stuff he's been doing on the servants. Break up at reasonable hour, a bit more chat with Sue and Chris back at our caravan, and then to bed at 1 am, though the others stay up longer. Its no good, my late-night staying power has definitely waned.

Today we go to Westmoorgate. All very efficient with a four-wheel drive ready to take up all the gear. A wonderful clear cool blue day. Chris and I, Mike and Tony, Lesley and Chris (I of A), and Stewart straggle over the moor. Tony remarks on how much sky there is – I like that, something I've felt but never put into words. We wander around Leskernick. Helen talks about the terminal stones (I hadn't realised that one had been reworked as a gatepost and then abandoned). Sue joins us and talks about house 39, Mike murmurs about house 23, and in between whiles Chris and I enthuse about most other things. I wonder fleetingly whether I'm

doing this more for myself – re-introducing, re-familiarising, catching-up on the site, renewing acquaintance – than for the others who probably find it all a bit too much to assimilate.

Wonderful gentle lunch in house 28 – the new locus for tea and lunch breaks. Note Tony assiduously marking up how we're sitting. I'd found a wonderful stone to lean up against but it was a bit away from everyone. What was more important – the comfort, or the slight distance? Chris, too, was off centre. Only Sue was right in the middle.

Chris and I come off the moor at about 3 pm. I'm driving over to my brother's house. The roadside's a wonderful mix of campion, bluebell and some rather delicate white flower, and occasional clumps of buttercup.

There'd been a skylark singing up at the quoit stone. It felt fine to be there *and* fine to be off. I slightly dread the intensity of the socialising, but I also feel the pull of the hill.
I'm glad we moved in crab-wise ...

Sunday, June 8

Scurried frantically at home, then into Sidmouth buying vegetarian biscuits etc for Sue. Set off 5.45 pm. Grey, lowering sky, getting greyer and more blustery as I get nearer to Camelford. About half way along begin to feel the pull of Bodmin. Feel good, relaxed, knowing roughly what has to be done. Looking forward to talking with Pete and Dave H. Need to understand more about the subsistence. I mean, I've drawn this fine plan of the enclosures, I can begin to construct a biography – first came this, then that, 'Here's the egg-shaped field to which most things attach,' 'here's the early enclosure with its little corner cairn', 'Here's the later field with its cairns or clearance markers', 'Look, here they dismantled a wall, and rebuilt it', 'Here they blocked the old drove-way.' Yes – but for what? For whom? By whom? How do we take the story further?

Arrive 7.30. Wayne – looking slim. Penni – looking Penni! Wayne and Penni decide that Wayne should be in our caravan, and Penni starts stowing food – up, down and sideways. We've all come determined to eat well!

Supper at the camp restaurant – Wayne, Penni, self. Crystal and Chris join us, but too late to get food.

To the pub for a meeting that Sue has organised. I think it's too hard competing against the noise, and I also feel self-conscious because there are other people in the pub. But still, it's OK. Dave Hooley turns up with his wife – I didn't know they were coming. Sue does the introductions; Chris explains a bit about the sociology – stressing that it's about trying to understand the *practice*. I chip in that it's also about *relations*, present and present-past, to place and landscape. Mike Wilmore, who's obviously knackered, doesn't say much about what he's doing, and Tony says a bit.

Sue's very firm about the diggers' timetable – 8.05 off to the dig, coffee breaks 15 min., lunch 45 min., home 5.30. We're a bit taken aback at this firming up but somehow, thank goodness, the slight edge that used to creep in at this insistence on timetabling has dissipated. I feel less sense of 'them' and 'us', or rather quite a strong but more acceptable sense of difference. We decide that since there's going to be a guided tour the next morning, we should also get up on site on time.

Sleep badly. Up early – coffee and yoghurt – make sandwiches – get organised – and off. Penni's already gone. Drive up with Wayne. Grey day.

Straggle/struggle across the moor – no question, I'm unfit. At the stone row, Sue starts the narrative, Chris talks landscape, I relate stone row to settlement. It rains – harder and harder. I did buy waterproof trousers but I've left them at the top of the hill. I did bring boots, but I've left them in the car. The rain goes down the front of my barbour, and up the sleeves, and into my shoes. We form a tight circle – there's a sort of warmth generated!

Straggle to the stone circle, then up to house 39. Rain lets up. Sue talks fairly generally, Chris G goes into detail. Chris G is informative and clear but not too imaginative. I'm gobsmacked by the size of the stones used to make the house wall foundations, and by the depth of deposit – the soil and peat that's accumulated around the back on the old land surface. A stone granary 'mushroom' (forgotten the proper name) lies on the surface. The deepness of the soil below really underlines how much time has passed. Still no finds, still hardly any internal features.

Chris and I talk about the settlement. I have the plan – I feel like ‘the keeper of the maps’. My badge of authority! I like talking about the walls, though I worry a bit that I’m boring on.

Up at the cairn, Sue again introduces, and then Helen explains, with such pleasure and conviction, the things she’d been talking about last night. I really enjoyed it. And I liked the way in which *their* handling of the stones was being translated back into earlier prehistoric activities.

Down to house 28. Coffee. Did it rain again? Perhaps. The pattern of Sue, Chris and I talking seems to work. We have our allotted roles. It comes out easily. I love the renewing of our acquaintance with the place, and of our knowledges, but wonder very much what the students make of it.

Across to the house 26, round to the spring, up through the compound entrance, to house 23. Sue introduces. Mike cogitates his words, never deviates from the ‘matter’ in hand, slowly gets less distinct, more introverted, goes on and on and doesn’t lift (quite literally) his head (or thoughts) above the berm.

Up to house 20 and lean gratefully against the whalestone. On to the quoit, the large cairn, house 3, and back down to house 28 for lunch. I’m still damp and rather cold.

After lunch Tony wants to discuss the parameters of what he’s trying to do: movement on site; positioning in pub; maintenance, material use and display in caravans (but not in people’s bedrooms – there has to be some place for privacy); clothing; food. Mike’s still very quiet. Clearly he reckons to get a lot from people’s diaries...

Tea, and then Wayne and Chris start house surveying. Crystal and I start on the walls. I know exactly where I want to start – on the wall that, up towards the hilltop, joins the southern and western settlement. There is just this one wall, and it’s very slight. I have trouble – as before – locating exactly where a given upright is on the plan, but – crabwise - we proceed. Crystal is interested and will consider any question that I pose, but is not dynamic. Then we move down wall W2. It goes quite fast. We get lost half way down wall W3, the clutter intensifies, it’s hard to find the wall. I’m beginning to have had enough. Phew – time to pack in.

Back at the caravan, flurries of activities, no time to be quiet and alone. Wayne cooks a fine super. Henry arrives with Chris and Crystal. He looks fine. Chat. Henry quite reserved or, at least, quiet.

Finally, 10'ish, the others move off, we wash up, I get down to this entry. At the back of my mind is the niggle about the Carmarthan exam papers. I can't quite see when I'll have time to look at them ... And also where's the space to allow thoughts to come through?

Monday, June 9

Drove up to Westmoorgate with Tony. Started to walk out, the mist was down, and the drizzle. Turned back to wait for the others to make sure we were really going to go on. They came, it cleared a bit, we went on. We pitched Wayne's tent – wonderful to have some protection.

Started 'walking' with Crystal. Then Henry came. A good clear wall that encircles the area which contains house 26 etc. Easy and we rolled along with only the occasional hiccup when we hit clitter or paused to validate or invalidate a putative upright. Henry saw a fine triangular upright in the distance and we went to investigate. It was part of the clitter mass that I'd often noted on the survey plan – the one lassoed to the compound wall. Grand blocks of clitter as well as the triangular stone.

Lunch in house 28. It's a very comfortable and *ample* space – people lie or prop themselves against the uprights.

After lunch Crystal goes off to photograph. I work with Henry and Dan. Dan's a first year archaeology student, keen to stress his army credentials, but alert and friendly. No problems – we swing on right round the perimeter and even begin to do a couple of interior walls. The compound wall is very solid. The interior is far more clearly divided into 'enclosures' than I had thought. Either it's easier to see things than over in the southern settlement, or we really have the hang of it. Also Henry and I work well off each other – we agree on most features and disagree easily on some.

The weather for most of the day is cloudy but warm. After yesterday's rains it felt good to flex my eyes to the horizon, to stop and look. The occasional bird, even a rabbit ...

Came off the moor with Tony at 4 pm so that I could do some exam marking. But we started off from house 39 and I didn't think to orientate myself and we got *very* lost. Suddenly there were the windmills – the windmills! Then there was a marsh and I was totally foolhardy and tried to wade across and got really scared as my foot – leg – got sucked down.

Then Leskernick reappeared and Rough Tor, from a viewpoint never noticed before. We're in an unknown valley. I felt a bit crest-fallen – I should, by now, 'know' the moor, should be able to orientate myself. But no. Only one hill – with scrub and rocky outcrop – seemed familiar. Eventually we completed a great semi-circle and got back to the car.

By the time we got home I had this yearning to read (bury myself in) the newspaper. Halfway through, Wayne and then Penni arrived. I managed to read one exam paper. ... Then supper ... then Mike and Tony arrived. Mike with lovely photos of people's hands and a jigsaw puzzle of house 23. ... Then there was much talk about diaries – the ethics, intentions, variability. ... Then Sue dropped by – still trying to organise things. I felt guilty about Sue, and bewildered, though also quite content, with all the talk. But no exam marking, and no pub. It seems that I'll never make it to the pub. It can't be helped. Something has to give, and, like last year and the year before (and I guess most of my life!), it has to be the pub!

Tuesday, June 10

Drive up to the Boswithick side of the moor with Chris, Tony, and Henry. Wayne and Crystal coming on behind. I don't know why but the gorse isn't out and blazing the way it was last year, and the morning is grey and the way is long. So it wasn't as special as I was expecting.

Wayne went off to continue house-surveying, and Chris, Crystal, Henry and I worked on the walls *inside* the Southwest compound. I've become excited by the recognition that these walls, which on the survey look disconnected and fragmentary and which, somehow, I had thought were almost ritual markings radiating out from the clitter mass, are actually quite different. It is true that many of them take their being from one particular clitter mass, but, as well as this, they divide the compound into enclosures. It seems to me that this could be a transitional development that lies between the western compound and the southern settlement. I.e. the western compound has no internal divisions. The Southwest compound has the same sort of sturdy perimeter wall but has these *internal* enclosures. The southern settlement has a much smaller compound and the enclosures are *outside*.

The clitter mass inside the Southwest compound *is* significant, the walls *do* touch to it, and over and over again it seems that, amongst the clitter that no doubt largely accumulated naturally, there are structural elements.

There are uprights, sometimes in a semi-circle, sometimes piled around a grounder (tor). Or a pyramid stone leans up against a fine large stone ...

The other interesting thing is that the Southwest compound somewhat mirrors the southern settlement enclave [houses 38-41] in that they both seem like daughter-settlements, or offshoots. Perhaps a family or kin-group that settled in for a generation or two since, in both cases, there seem to be a sequence of dwellings [39 & 40 may be later than 38 and 41, and 26 may be later than 46/47/48].

But what is utterly different is the process of abandonment in the Southwest (and western) compounds: the apparent partial dismantling of the houses and then the creation of an internal cairn. In house 26 the cairn is in the western part of the house, leaving a fine clear area in the eastern part. 'Like a fore-court', Chris says, and he also notes that it seems as though they removed the outer wall of the house and piled it to one side.

The morning was fine – grey but very warm. We moved around. It's the movement - the stopping and considering, then *moving* that I like.

Again, lying out for lunch in house 28 feels peaceful. The house does roughly divide between the archaeologists clustered around the little stove and water, and the surveyors. Mike W. purposefully straddles the two; Sue comes to rest for a while and talks.

I found myself telling Henry – I can't remember why – about my German Jewish background and about Anna Karpf's book. I was tailing off when Tony sat down and, looking slightly surprised, asked: 'Are you German Jewish?' 'Yes, on one side of the family.' 'So am I.' My turn to be startled, and yet, rather strangely, the minute he said it, it seemed as though it 'explained' him – partly his looks but also something about his character. He told the story of his father and grand-father ...

Talked with Sue about why there were so few small finds. She seems to be veering towards thinking that perhaps these were seasonal places, and when I protested that the settlements seemed so solid, she said, quite rightly, that if you were leaving them for part of the year there was even more reason to build them strong. But we also agreed that the hamlet-like (if that's the right word) nature of the settlements made them feel familial. But then, of course, our picture of seasonal movement in terms of rather solitary herders with their animals could be quite wrong. No reason at all why whole families couldn't have taken off into the moors for part of the year.

We did a little more wall surveying – finishing inside the compound – and then, rather wimpishly, as the drizzle set in, retired to the tent. Tony came by, handing out Leskernick survey sheets for us to mark up our movements on site throughout an entire day. I thought that seemed an interesting exercise and one that could be replicated back at the caravan site (there's a site plan of the caravan pitches). Tony says that Mike S-T won't take part in any of the questionnaires. It seems to me that he's terrified of being sucked into something in which he might give away things unintentionally. He needs to defend himself, to control what we know (or don't know) about him.

Tony also wants us to take one photo of a place on the hill that is important to us. I first thought short-term, and thought of the wonderful huge clitter blocks and pyramid that we found yesterday, or of the stone-chaff flitting the rocks that I'd noticed several times today. But these are *today's* pictures, they have immediacy, what would I want for the longer term? I realised – rather reluctantly – that some of my images are imaginations invoked by working on the plan (the cairn that 'fixes' the most north-easterly of the southern enclosures; or the egg shaped 'ompholous' enclosure just below the southern house cluster). But then other images come to mind: the great boulders in the boulder-hopping wall to the north of the southern house cluster; the great stone bench that forms part of the compound wall of the more easterly enclave; people lying at ease in house 28; shadows on the stones; the grey-black earth of the rabbit scrapes; the little sentinel uprights in the clitter mass of the Southwest compound; people stretched out against the whalestone in house 20; Brown Willie; Rough Tor in different moods; the colour of the grey/newly exposed pink stone in house 39; the 'petals' on Helen's cairn; the view from the western compound entrance past the spring to the ford that seems as old as the entrance itself; Bray Down covered in gorse; the lane from Bray Down to Alternum with bluebells, ragged robin and white ?; the shadowed relief of the enclosures on the other side of the Fowey in the late afternoon sun.

A lot of the pictures are in sunlight. I'm missing the sun this year.

Again, Mike S-T says he doesn't want people to photograph his trench – it'd be bad for his professional reputation if it were 'unkempt'. It seems to me that Sue is using an innovative context sheet system to create a sense of the hesitancy, ambiguity, trail and error, that is part of the process of 'creating' and interpreting the archaeological record. The recording of the trench in various states of disarray is the visual equivalent. But again, for

Mike (and perhaps others) this is threatening – neat edges, tight baulks are the signature tune of the ‘professional’. (All rather annally retentive!)

The rain seemed to be setting in; I didn’t feel like getting wet and cold. 3.30 we packed in and walked back across to Boswithick, Wayne finding a potential stone circle en route for which I couldn’t muster much enthusiasm. Talked politics.

Wayne went off to Bodmin, Penni still on site. An hour or so alone in the caravan. Had a newspaper ‘fix’, looked at Henry’s plan and Crystal’s notes on the compound. All fine. Rang Jan – also fine. Penni back – tired and wet, then Wayne. Had a quiet, gossipy supper with Penni in the camp restaurant. Watched the news with the Conservative Party election results. Very interesting, a wonderful sendup of the upper classes. Nice to break out into the world for a moment.

Set to on this diary entry, then Sue came past. She’s a bit lonely in her caravan, and also felt rather attacked by Henry and Chris last night. (I recognised, as she did, a repeat in reverse of the attack on Mike W., and the anxiety and vulnerability involved).

Wayne brought up (or was it me?) Mike S-T’s refusal to partake in the sociology questionnaire. I said I felt indignant because he knew the sort of things we were interesting in exploring and if he didn’t want to take part he shouldn’t have come. Sue defended him as an absolutely excellent and reliable excavator. I had an insight into the tensions for Sue between the absolutely pragmatic need to have the excavations – which are shit difficult – well and (to use the word again) ‘professionally’ done, and her own interest in the wide-ranging, open-ended questions that we’re posing about practice, landscape, representation etc.

Wednesday, June 11

Wayne and Penni seem to do everything in the caravan. As a small contribution I take the rubbish out. Chris is sitting on his caravan steps smoking a fag. Some catch-up conversation. I’m fretting that Sue is feeling left out and feel somehow that Chris is boycotting her by refusing to leave his mark on their caravan. I mention this, but meet resistance.

Set off – Chris, Kristal, self. Mike W., Henry and Wayne following on. Westmoorgate and the mist is down. The others seem to set off confidently, I follow – as usual, this year, some way behind. In fact they lose their sense of direction and suddenly the bog-of-yesterday glooms

into sight. Slight shudder. Change tack and, deep in conversation, I completely miss how we arrive. We find Tony wandering the hilltop and then, quite suddenly, recognise the corridor. In my mind I've renamed it the Middle Passage.

The tent has collapsed. The others are sitting, like a row of birds on a stone, smoking. Not much action, and when, finally, I make a move it turns out they're waiting for me to make the first move. This in retaliation because earlier I'd muttered something about gendered behaviour – the blokes all up in front forging ahead, the women – self and Crystal – tagging on behind! We – they! – set up the tent!

Henry, Crystal, Chris and I set off to do more enclosures. We examine the clutter structures below house 26. We move jerkily into enclosure 2. Chris suggests that we flag each enclosure as we go along. He and Henry go off and get the stakes. The flags are multi-coloured – left over from last year – and they look good. The enclosure leaps into shape. (Later, Tony says how secure it makes him feel. I realise that, having not bothered this year to flag the houses, we've made it much harder for people who've come to the hill for the first time.)

Some slightly grumpy attempts to a. find the scale on the map; b. measure distances; c. – on finding they don't tally, reconstruct a new scale; and d. abandon the attempt because, for reasons I haven't understood, it doesn't work. I've always found scales a problem – something to do with hating figures!

Lunch-time and, again, the party pretty much split. I never get to talk to the students. I feel badly, but I don't have the energy. I guess I have slowed up. I feel more passive about things – just want to let them slide by. Fill in my movement map for Tony – mainly zigzagging around the enclosures. Realise I don't really take in much of the landscape when I'm working or walking. More aware of it today because the weather's so changeable and with the mist and drizzle and occasional warmth (though not sun) the sky moves through different shades of grey.

Notice the contents of Sue's sandwich tin – little, broken up bits of pumpernickel. Bird-like.

Work continues. The good moments are coming upon clutter outcrops and discovering – again – that stones have been moved, uprights erected, circles created. At the centre point of the compound there's a triple structure. Downslope there's a depression with little markers in it; in the

middle a cairn of stones; and upslope an encircled boulder. From this cluster the walls radiate out. The walls feel pragmatic, useful, geared to some everyday need, and yet, at the same time, they take their starting point from this clutter focus.

We continue on round. Tony takes Chris, then Kristal, off to be interviewed.

We finish the compound. Leave the flags up so that we can look down at them from further up the hill. Walk up to Mike S-T. I like the pristine feel of the excavation, the boldness of the stones. Mike explains with enthusiasm. I like winding into the minutiae of the trench details.

It begins to drizzle. The others move on to talk to Wayne, I move towards Helen. The drizzle intensifies and I'm not entirely sure how to find her – then see two figures silhouetted on the skyline. Stop and talk and peer. The others come up and then, the rain intensifying, we struggle off the hill in dribs and drabs. A motley procession.

No Guardian available. Reluctantly buy a Telegraph. Chris says I'm a news junky. It's not the news that I crave, it's the transitional moment of reading the paper as I gear from one environment to another.

Mike S-T comes by and shows us the flint – small, neat blade-flakes – and one rather dubious bit of pottery that have been found. (Why so little?)

Friendly meal with Penni and Wayne, cooked by Wayne. Much discussion of archaeology and the present past. We talk about the aims of the sociologists. Eventually, after flailing around for a bit, I think I recognise that the unifying theme is the *present* past which encompasses: one, elements of archaeological practice – what, why, whom, for whom etc.; two, relationships – multivocal, and changing/changeable to/with the landscape; and three, the translation of one and two into place/space/movement/encounter.

Quick friendly visit to Helen, Gary, Tony and Mike to show them the southern settlement enclosure map. I've been shy about showing it to people. Tony and Mike leave for the pub. Chat with Gary and Helen about 'their' cairn, about the Institute (of A.), and, with Gary, about his proposed fieldwork at Zennor.

Saturday, June 14

Post-exhausting drive Bodmin – Branscombe – London, arriving in London 1 a.m.

Post-exhausting rather fraught college interviewing for lectureship ..

Post-really fine 90th birthday party for Jan's mum.

Sitting in the Granada service station at Exeter wanting a quiet moment before re-submerging into Leskernick.

Too tired for proper recall of Thursday. Will try for notes and glimpses.

Walking alone through the early morning dew grey moor.

Pleasure at seeing Pete Herring silhouetted with Sue close to house 39.

He's comfortable to be with. 'In his knowledge' knowledgeable, but also open and quietly passionate about the landscape and the past.

Spend the morning showing him our discoveries. He goes rather quiet at the clitter. Obviously feels uncertain about some of the clitter structures that we're recognising. Well, I'm uncertain too, but it does seem obvious that the clitter – or certain sorts of clitter – with or without structures, is culturally important. The stones are *meaningful*, the structures add a further dimension of meaning *created out of* the stones. *We*, from within our culture, make the natural: untouched /cultural:modified distinction, but, as we've found over and over again at Leskernick, that's *our* distinction, not theirs.

At lunch the diggers triumphantly announce the find of a quite large piece of pottery. Sue takes it reverently out of its plastic bag, then out of its tin foil. It's dark and damp looking. A large rim sherd. She looks at it. Pete H. looks at it. Both cautiously say that it looks more Iron Age than anything else. 'It's the bevel,' says Sue. No-one attempts to consider what this dating might imply.

In the afternoon Wayne attempts to draw the clitter structures with artist's licence. He admits that the day before he'd got very depressed planning the house on his own. Now, at the end of the day, he's frustrated with his attempts at drawing. It's hard – alienating - working in such a solitary fashion when all around people work in groups.

Tony takes me off. We talk about how he might elicit a sense of place and landscape from people. Between us we played with ideas of getting them to express their sense of landscape using two or three adjectives; getting

them to list significant '*sights*' – places/moments in the landscape; and then asking them to think about these *sights* in terms of their *experience* of Leskernick. I suspect that that the first list might be rather people-less, or people would be background rather than foreground, whereas sight/experience discussion would bring in people and relationships.

Tony then interviewed me (or perhaps the first discussion was all part of the interview!). He took me through my list of what I'd brought with me. What was digger-specific? What had I bought specifically for Leskernick? I denied having any sort of site uniform – I wear the same sort of floppy non-descript clothes at home. What I had done was to *renew* them – socks, sneakers, underwear (and just now in London a quick sortie to an Indian shop for floppy trousers and overshirts). Renewed my wash-things. Only article of clothing that was site-specific were the waterproof trousers (which I still haven't worn.) I found myself reiterating how Sue had made all the lists and *told us* what to bring. In part I wanted to credit her with being the organising spirit and to signal a sort of remorse at leaving her to do it all. But, perhaps also, I was emphasising that I'm not the organising sort, that I do everything at the last moment. Signalling a sense of identity: scruffy, somewhat disorganised, last-minutish, not very groupy etc.

He asked me whether I had photos of the family. I don't. I realise that I don't carry the family with me (though now, having just left London and said goodbye to Jan who's going to America, and Sam, who's off to Australia, I'm feeling rather tearful.)

In London, yesterday, through the day of lectureship meetings – Chris and I meet and maintain a running sotto-voce conversation about things on the hill. We also look at the photos that Crystal has taken. I particularly like the ones where people are silhouetted against white nothing. We'd already looked at another set of photos on Thursday including some interesting group photos: Tony taking up an assertive pose, Sue absolutely central and forward of everyone else; me to one side and looking at the group ('Like the school matron,' I suggest).

As it happens, during Chris Pinney's interview he talks about a paper that he's written on photography and several of the points that he made about people's sense of identity and so on seemed spot on in the context of our photos. Chris T. and I looked at each other – I'd take a small bet that Chris will start to explore photographic permutations. Another paper/book in the making!

Monday, June 16⁵

A late night and feeling bleary.

The geomorphologists were up on site.

Springing from stone to stone.

They're happy with our notion of structures in the clitter;

Not happy with the assumption that positive lynchets are necessarily about cultivation, could simply be soil creep;

Happy with the assumption that the quoit stone is prehistoric ...

We decide to stay up on site into the evening. We put the word around at lunch – but not diligently.

We cover one of the stones with clingfilm and paint it red. Horrible. Intrusive. But then, through the eye of the camera, against the texture and colour of the other stones and settled in the landscape it works better. Do two more creating a sort of line. But picking stones at random seems too much like an imposition.

Up in the western compound I try my hand with a more tentative vaguely New Grange-ish decoration: zigzags and ring-marks. Doesn't look like much [though, later, in the photos it works well]. Chris paints over it – blood red again. Why blood? I don't want blood on Leskernick. Fay comes over and takes part.

We settle for a drink .. Sue and Martin arrive, then Mike S-T, then Helen and Gary. Pleasure that they've joined.

Tuesday, June 16

At both the beginning and the end of the day I've tried to be on my own. Failed both times. Just half an hour would do! The continuous sociability wears me down.

Walk up to the excavations to tell them we're going to have a Penni-leaving party. Tony Blackman at house 39 – pleasure soon gives way to a desire to move on. At Helen's site feel a pang as I watch the earth go back into the trench. At house 23 Mike, in his inimitable scratchy way, gets friendlier by the day.

Off to work on the Northwest enclosure with Henry and Chris. After a while Chris peels off to look at clitter. Henry and I continue. A very fine

double-skinned rubble-filled wall. Why do I feel such contentment at this process of discovery? Is it – partly – that we're tracking the builders? Their work, their decisions, their sensibilities? I like it when the wall rides over the grounders.

We spy an artist in the distance, then realise it's Pete Herring wearing a floppy white hat. He's decided to survey the enclosure walls of the western settlement as well as the southern. Absorbed in the hill.

Henry goes off to interview Tony Blackman. Wayne and I go off to look at an amazing lunar clitter spread that Chris has found. It almost hurts the eyes, the harshness and density of the stones and yet, in amongst them, there seem to be patterns, shifts, prompts, echoes and reiterations.

Down to house 28 for lunch. Cathy, Pete's wife is there. Very friendly. So hot we need suntan oil.

Back up the hill with Tony, Henry and Wayne. They've found a small low stone circle south of the quoit. Then Wayne notes that a line of stone leads off from it pointing directly towards the quoit. Like an arrow, a signal moving the eye and the action quoit-wards. The hill goes on making itself known.

More walls with Henry. We finish the northern enclosure. 4.30. I've said that I'll be off the hill by 4 to get the bloody exam marking done. Start to walk down to see what Chris has been doing. He's clingfilming and painting stones in the clitter below house 26. He's wrapping the semi-circle of stones and is using white paint. I like the effect much better than the red.

Bev Lear comes over the hill – enjoy taking her round.

Tony asks me to take my photo of something that's important to me. It's getting pretty grey. I go down to the clitter mass in the corridor – the one that lassoed to the Southwest compound. The one with the pyramidal stone. Why do I chose it? Isolation, no one else (except Henry) 'knows' it. I had known it, enjoyed it on the survey plan before I ever found it, then it materialised. A private place.

Henry wants to take Chris and me up to the shaman's house for his picture. I groan, I protest, up the hill *again*. I go. We pose: Mr and Mrs Shaman.

Down again – photograph the white stones.

Go off with Bev. Tack across the hill towards Westmoorgate. She finds a rare heather. We both smell camomile. A different scale of things. A different knowledge.

I had wanted to drive home alone so that I could think about the photos that I would take to express my engagement with the hill. Not possible. Home – shopping – home – weary – weary.

Photos:*

Pink (exposed, vulnerable) rock uncovered by excavation

Petalled rocks in Helen's trench

The clean clear grounder with the wall-stone on top in Mike's trench

Helen's hands

Helen gesticulating as she expounds

Gary's generous face

Sue in house 28 bent over her lunch tin.

Chris and Henry in repose, smoking

House 28, people in repose

Brown Willie and the Rough Tor pinnacles

Dusk/mist and the horses reclaiming the site

The ford – a place of human convergence

The painted white stones – *their* labour/*our* labour. *Their* intervention/*our* intervention.

Skyline of great domed rocks at the top of the corridor – shapes that touch the heartstrings.

The survey map with our overlay.

[* I know, I made a list earlier on – but now it's moved on]

Saturday, June 20

Tuesday – see tape [except that I can't lay my hands on it]

Wednesday/Thursday Carmathon – another story.

Saturday:

Home (Hooken) – up at seven, away by eight. As I get nearer to Leskernick the question is whether to go straight up onto site. The weather is rough. Would anyone be there? The weather gets rougher. Head on to Camelford. Arrive 9.30. Chris and Wayne sitting comfortably in the caravan. Rain. No point in going on site.

Wayne suggests trip to St Just – David Kemp exhibition (part of the Exhibition of Light). I do the rounds of the caravans for takers. Gary – Mike W., Tony: on. Eric: on. Sue: exhausted/wavering. Chris and Cristal had already been. Henry, rather to my surprise: no. I take my survey plan of the southern settlement to the students' caravan (I should have done this earlier). They like it. I guess – as Tony (or was it Mike?) pointed out – it made more sense of our hillside meanderings. Fay & Angus: on.

So, 1.30, we set off in two cars.

At St Just the sun was out. Sky/sea/rocks. Lungsfull of air. Suddenly Leskernick felt rather hemmed in, hunched on itself (the weather; people-people; circular enclosing hills). Quite liked the outside sculptures – Kemp goes with the materials. But really just as keen on the whole landscape.

Entered the museum. At first bewildered – was it, wasn't it a 'real' museum. Then began to recognise the elaborate spoof. Slowly wound into it. Layer upon layer that only slowly emerge: the little museum labels ('Probable Middle Period', Accession number etc.). Began to see that there was a sequence, and jokes. Wayne was, of course, the first to spot the giant drooping prick! The early period - iron and sun symbols - was strange and beautiful. The wellie-dogs, mix of Disney Pluto, Egyptian head-dress and Chinese terracotta warriors were utterly brilliant. The diorama in which the mock-up of the tin mines contained a great sun-chariot – a sort of bewildered interpretative symbol of what was supposed to be going on – was similar to our overlays of meaning onto the stones of Leskernick. Above, pyramids of skull-like plastic containers – like Aztec skull racks – perhaps signalling the harshness and high death rate among the tin miners. The last section – all wire and high tech and bits of computer and mobile phones – somehow alienated. Perhaps intentionally.

Out in the entrance hall, all the museum trademarks – shovels, surveyor's pole. And an old map of the district – the sort you might easily find in a small run-down museum – with, neatly written on it, strange names, outlandish names that the archaeologist/artist had superimposed on the landscape. Our words/our interpretations. Excellent.

Then on to ??, to a huge old shaking shed in which a Scottish artist had set out, among the cement zigzag bases of the old machinery (now painted pink), terraces of wooden tanks, square and diamond, filled with liquid. The highest level black, then white, then terracotta. Each containing a great lump of stone and a long-handled scoop. Apparently

three times a day two men slowly process from tank to tank stirring, anointing the stone. Like a slow dance. The artist had wanted to bring back some of the activity into the shed. The men – the guide stressed – were paid.

Both of the guides at the two places were absorbed by their exhibits. Not inhibited, not unnerved by their strangeness or 'artiness'. Mind blowing. Also lovely being with the students, listening, learning.

A fine hour in the Star at St Just around a large table. The scrumpy quickly mellowing. Only trouble was that on the long way home I wanted desperately to sleep!

A rather sleepy supper with Wayne, Chris, Crystal and Henry. Great meal by Wayne. Great washing up by me!

This morning the weather was still lousy. Put off Felicity who had thought of coming. We felt we had to go up because the North Devon Archaeological Society and Henrietta and Norman Quinnell, plus David Thackrey were all supposed to be coming. So in the on-and-off rain I set off with Tony.

We were talking about the exhibition at St Just and Tony said we should create an exhibition, in which our artefacts were as much in evidence as 'the' artefacts (artefact!). It was rather like the moment when the Free Festivalers suggested a Stonehenge exhibition – a moment of possibility. Like the Stonehenge one, it could be flexi, reflexive, involve the visitors, be about practice and process, use the photos (the 'hands' photos spring to mind). It could travel – it could be tailored to the Institute of Archaeology, or Bodmin or Bolventor or TAG or whatever. It seems like the sort of project for which we might be able to get some money from the National Trust for Tony ...

We also talked about next year – about opening up to other sites, other landscapes, of comparative work. I could imagine getting Dave H. to stride us up hill and down dale, and then there'd be quiet days when we would go back and ponder and wander ... The only thing is that I don't want to stride up hill and down dale ... so – Chris willing! – we might have a division of labour. I could spend more time on the exhibition and be part of the quiet, pondering days!

We continued to sit in the car at Westmoorgate as the rain teamed down.

Up on site it alternatively sheeted down horizontally or momentarily brightened. For the first time ever I was properly dressed – extra sweater, rain proofs, boots, hat. We'd do a little clitter-gazing (grazing?) and marking, then dash back to the tent. Eventually a small group of intrepid elderly people – five women, one man, and two dogs – arrived. Henry and I left the tent, advanced a little, waited, proffered greetings. Henrietta and Norman hove to from a different direction. Henry, wonderfully poised, shepherded them off.

A little later, two latecomers – a young girl and an elderly man – arrived. I explained a bit and then took them to join the earlier group. Henrietta was holding forth, Sue was trying to get a word in edgeways.

A bit more work, then down for lunch. The group had left. Henrietta and Norman stayed on. Henrietta looked old, and held forth. I glazed over, but I also felt warmly towards her. She is guileless and good-hearted. Norman looked rather dazed. Another rainy onslaught and we all retired to the tent.

They left eventually. Henry wet through, Chris shivering, we decided that Henry, Wayne and Crystal would go back to the caravan site; I'd take Tony to Bodmin; Chris would quickly show the surveyors [when did they turn up?] and Henrietta and Norman some of the clitter structures, (we'd like the surveyors to plan them!) and then come on ...

Half way back across the moor, the sun came out. There was a solemn handing over of Tony's waterproofs to Henry, and then Henry and Wayne and Crystal turned sitewards again.

Driving to Bodmin station with Tony – car drives are always good spaces for talking and thinking – we came up with more ideas. Using the camcorder to continue the charting of people's landscapes. It could move between the person holding the narrative together and the individual using it to film their own engagement with the landscape. Making a documentary – I suddenly remembered Paul Basu's interest. When he'd suggested a Leskernick film neither Chris or I had been very excited. Now it seemed that it could be a counterpart to all the things we were doing – the sociology, materiality, visitors, practice, process, complementing the exhibition ...

We talked about Mike and Tony presenting their work at the Material Culture seminar. I suddenly thought that Tony (rather like Nina Pope)

could use multi media: an over-head of the movement plans, slides of people on the move; people, plans, verbals moving to and fro ...

We lost the way to the station. Eventually found it. Longed for a coffee but the (tiny) buffet opens mornings only. We stood around and talked on. I worry that I somewhat bulldoze along – do I leave space for Tony to say all the things he wants to say? It's just nice to have the intellectual adrenalin flowing and Tony's a very good person to bat ideas around with. (It's curious, Wayne and I talk a great deal but it's more an *exchange* than an *escalation*).

Shop at Safeways in Bodmin. Find a lovely way home via Heliland (or some such). Chris is making a (delicious?) meal in Sue's caravan. It's *still* pissing down. No solstice gazing.

Sunday, June 21

Chris cooked supper in Sue's caravan. Fine mix of exotics. The two surveyors – Dave and Alisdair – came. Sue had recruited them but I hadn't really taken in the whys and wherefores. Turns out they're high powered, high tech surveyors from the Royal Commission who often work together and, sometimes, do things for free in their own time if it interests them. Dave had read Chris' book and been much taken with it. I guess, too, that he'd got on well with Sue at Cabourne. Anyway, here they were, offering to do a full-scale survey of the whole hill, which, they said, would be very different from the one we had. We – I – was a bit gobsmacked especially when they started talking about medieval overlays. They – well, Alisdair – exude incredible confidence and seem very sure that they'll come up with an entirely new interpretation. They were also very clear that high tech as they were – somehow what they do requires setting up a receiving station miles from site – in the end, what they decide to measure remains subjective. It was reassuring that they acknowledge this. It seems like a fine idea that they should go ahead and do their own version. We'll be able to show yet again how different techniques, ideas, engagements produce different results.

Pissing down again this morning. Dark, grey, wet. Enthusiasm ebbing. Trotted over to Chris to decide what to do – the diggers having already gone off. We decided to wait. We talked through the various ideas for next year. I came clean about not wanting to walk long distances doing the comparative surveys – Chris, later in the day, pointed out that the sites weren't far from the roads! So, for next year:

Comparative sites/landscapes

Exhibition

Camcorder

Documentary

Key-hole excavations

More Leskernick checking

And – Chris's idea – a rota of cling filmers so that we really create/recreate a multitude of clutter emplacements.

We'd also ask Nina Pope and Bev Lear. I feel *very* positive about all this. Chris wants to go up and do some photography during the Summer, and also go off with Dave H. and perhaps Henry looking at other sites. Will I find myself coming back later in the year? I'd like to ...

Eventually we set off. Shortly after we arrive the surveyors (who were only going to stay one day anyway) gave up in disgust – the mists and rain made their high tech unworkable!

We wandered the high upper slope behind the shaman's house. We found many things within the clutter – some more sure than others. We were up close to the laminated cliff outcrop. It's blotched with large grey lichen spots and has a particularly powerful feel about it. Found a lamb's placenta among the rocks. It was pretty damp and blowy and quite intoxicating.

We finished the northern section and, since I'd left the corridor maps behind at the caravan site, decided after lunch to flag the corridor and start to check the structures. The flagging is quite dramatic and there are lots of structures ..

By 3.30 we're all pretty tired. So we packed in, took a stroll up the corridor, visited house 39 where they've got deep into the orange and where Sue is looking *very* tired. Walked off the hill. By Westmoorgate the sun was out and I walked a little way down the lane to Wayne's car, past stunning small hedgerow flowers.

Home, and almost immediately Gill arrived. Nice to see her. Eventually she and Wayne went off to have supper in Henry's caravan. I fill in Tony and Mike's questionnaires, cut out a few more newspaper scraps for my putative bill-board boulder, a bit of plan checking ... diary writing ...

Monday, June 22

Quick talk with Chris about the surveyors. An interesting conundrum. Apparently, last night, Sue sent out warning signals. They had come to Cabourne, found out a lot of details from her, did their survey, produced an 'independent' survey and interpretation and published it. She was pissed off because they had used a lot of her ideas. Chris's reaction was that we should tell them *not* to do an independent survey but to survey in the things we thought were interesting. But, I said, that means they have all our information, and could, presumably, still publish 'their' survey. Moreover, for me, the interesting thing was to see what *they* surveyed, what *they* thought was important, what they saw, and how *they* interpreted it. And how that differed from our perceptions. My sense was that the only point of friction was their independent publication.

Walking, alone, to Leskernick, it seemed like an interesting question about the 'ownership' of knowledge, and, more, the distinction between a learning process that encompasses different people/different views and, in contrast, 'appropriation of knowledge.' Also: why do we mind about their getting in first? That, too, was about control of knowledge, our wanting to ensure that our 'originality' be acknowledged by our peers and, I suppose, by the wider public.

I walked up the green track onto the moors. I prefer to walk the 'beaten path' rather than the open moor.

The weather was lamentable, not just overcast and spitting, but windy, dank and cold. Nonetheless we flagged the corridor and achieved a fine effect along the western side. Then we to-ed and fro-ed across the corridor – a cairn here, a stone arrangement there, a cleared passage, much activity around the shrine stone. There were six of us today – Mike W. and Gill on ahead, scouting and flagging, Chris and Henry checking and negotiating with Wayne (on the map) and self (on the clipboard). As, after lunch, we got colder and tireder, we became sillier – what to name things? NST – nice structure; CST – crap structure; SP – stone pile and so on. Chris determined to find a relationship between the wide west exit to the top crossing wall, the fine domed grounder, and the appearance and disappearance of the quoit. We got him to bend at the knees so that he was more of a Bronze Age height and even then we weren't convinced. He also found, or thought he found, a Rough Tor effect by the shrine stone. When I demurred, he suggested I sleep on his suggestion! I noticed a nice stone circle only to be told that it was *the* (recently discovered) stone circle with the stone row pointing to the quoit. Satisfying to locate it on the map. Later, when we were talking about clingfilming I said I'd like to do the circle and row. Chris very dismissive – it's small and

nondescript. For me – naively – it's a message from the quoit-users saying 'Yes, it's real, we did make it, use it, it was part of *our* landscape.'

Showed Helen, Gary, Fay, and Steve around the clingfilmed white stone circle in the Southwest compound. As Mike W. later pointed out when I wondered whether they went along with our perceptions, I'd rather loaded the dice by mentioning that the geomorphologists and Norman Quinnell agreed with us. External validation by the 'experts' – hmm.

Gary, Helen, Mike, Wayne and Gill to supper. Gill didn't say much, perhaps because we didn't leave enough spaces for her. My fault? Gary and Helen very relaxed and funny/serious, Mike warm and judicious.

Tuesday, June 23

Chris suggested we stay late on site – so to bring wine. Stopped off in Camelford to buy pasties. Drove with Fay who's spending the day working with us. Good conversations. I liked the parallels she drew between sailing – knowing intimately the slight changes in wind direction and shifts to be made to the sails – with digging. Other things too. She mentioned that her boyfriend was a potter. He sounds like a landscape potter! He creates from his sense of a particular place. Perhaps he'd like to come up next year?

A gaggle of us checked over the compound around house 28. And then went up the hill to flag the visibility envelope of the quoit. We're going to do a double curtain – one the envelope within which the quoit is just visible, and the other a smaller envelope within which the whole quoit is in view. It was a fine sunny morning (for once) and it felt good to be walking around the top of the hill. It's strange how the quoit, which is granite like all the rest, looks a different colour – pale fawn.

Around 12 o'clock Pete Herring came into view.

At lunch in house 28 Pete produced his survey maps of the enclosure walls. Quite small, very neat – not at all like my big scruffy map. He said mine looked 'antiquarian' – I was mildly mortified! With Helen and Gary participating we compared wall butts. As I expected we had about 90% agreement. It was the entrances and cairns that were more problematic. We located a few choice examples and set off around the hill. Helen marked the problem points on a map, I kept notes. We only looked at the difficult butts and Gary and Helen prodded, pried and discussed. It was lovely to watch how the expertise that they'd gained on the excavation

carried over into the survey. They were very confident and we came to a lot of decisions – mostly agreeing with Pete's earlier assessments, but not always. He's done a wonderful set of maps showing the growth of the settlement and then the retraction. He thinks that the cairns on and close to the southern wall come after the wall has gone out of use, i.e. they date to the time when the fields were retracting. A few lonely people still left behind, building their cairns, referencing themselves on the older memory-filled walls. 'It's a sad story' said either Gary or Helen. His notion is that, at first, in both the southern and western settlement, the occupation was seasonal. Then they tried a little cultivation. When it worked, they settled. Later the settlement grew smaller.

He also has a passionate commitment to medieval transhumance. He believes that the rectangular structure on the southern enclosure wall [43] and the house between the walls [42] and a few others are associated with transhumance. Also the 'cairn' in house 26. It turns out that this is all part of a very romantic scenario, culled from Irish oral history. The young girls came up as shepherdesses, and the young boys went up afterwards to collect the cheeses and One old lady, in the Irish stories, said 'the valley rang with the sound of music' (as he talked I could also hear the penny whistles and fiddles!)

Pete found some cairns that I'd missed. He *knows* the feel of the land, walks confidently from place to place, ponders how they used the land.

We left Gary and Helen to continue at the excavation and went back to the tent. I suggested that we work on these enclosures and sequences and surmises together. Perhaps running two stories, and then showing how we worked through some of the differences, finding some resolutions but also disagreements. I suggested that he write about the transhumance. We both thought that we should ask Tony Blackman to write on stone-working. Must talk with Chris about all this.

Meanwhile Chris and Crystal had covered the shrine stone near house 28 and painted it white. It is very large and seems – when painted – rather shapeless, though I liked the little red triangle made by painting the rock in front of it. Chris wants to wrap and paint the stone behind the shrine black.

I said goodbye to Pete. I felt very humble, almost tearful. I felt that although, undoubtedly, we're breaking new ground in terms of a ritualised landscape and much else beside, there's so much that we haven't really understood in terms of how people lived, and how they

built up their Leskernick worlds. And where these things are concerned I feel my knowledge is very superficial compared to Pete's. I suddenly found myself feeling sullen when Chris said - of the shrine stone: 'It's milk and blood and semen, and when there's a black backstone, faeces too'. I felt torn between working with Pete trying to understand another way of living, and this insistence on the *present* past. It *is* the present, but it is also the present *past*.

We thanked Pete, invited him back for next year, Chris suggested that they should walk Rough Tor together, we agreed to liase over the western settlement.

He left. We settled down with some wine and (limited) food. Wayne returned from house drawing. I felt what a very creative day it had been: creating the visibility envelopes in the morning; Henry and Mike setting out a new line of flags across the top of the hill; Wayne drawing house 1 (Pete had thought his drawings very good); Crystal and Chris clingfilming; Pete, Helen, Gary and self field-walling. It felt very good, but, also, I have to admit that, for the first half hour as we drunk and as Chris waxed lyrical about blood and semen and colour coding and more besides, I felt alienated. It was too esoteric, too bloodless. And then Wayne talking about turning his drawings into artefacts. Before I had liked the idea, now it seemed a further alienation. All this was a reaction to being with Pete and experiencing another way of being and engaging. I really was stirred up. But soon the sense of alienation evaporated. No doubt the wine helped, but I certainly felt a great fondness for them all - Wayne (even if he sometimes drives me nuts by being Wayneish), Henry (though his mood swings still unnerve me), Crystal (quiet and watchful), Mike (part participant, part watcher), and Chris (who touched me when he said how much, having always been a solitary researcher, he enjoyed the sociability of Leskernick). Good conversations though I'm too tired to remember much, and eventually, when chilled to the bone, we moved off and then fell into the Rising Sun for supper. I had a feeling, though I may be wrong, that Chris and Henry had sensed my discomfort and were making small gestures of friendship towards me. A fantastic, complex day. Very rich.

Thursday June 24

[Warning this entry is not sequential]

The wind is whipping the leaves off the trees around the campsite. It's so loud that it hides the sound of the rain. We - Chris, Mike, Wayne, Henry,

Crystal, self – have been sitting for the last two and a half hours in the caravan going over a whole raft of things – gossip, Dave Hooley (passing around his one-day diary which was very personal and open), writing-up strategies, and plans for next year (all of which I'll come back to ...) A really creative workshop – debriefing and further orientation. But still I feel guilty that the archaeologists are up on the hill battling with the elements, backfilling under these monstrous conditions. Why is it that none of us offer to help? Partly – I suppose – because we had our plans for the day and if we were up on the hill that's what we'd want to be doing; partly – in my case – because I know I couldn't, I'd last two minutes; partly because there is this group autonomy and so we don't feel we *have* to. Mike, who is more ambiguously placed, having worked with them for most of the five weeks, covers himself (unconsciously) by a) being outraged at how they've been dragooned, and b) saying that house 39 wasn't 'his' pitch, i.e. if it had been the cairn he'd have felt that he had to help, out of mateship with Helen and Gary. Um ..

His analysis of the 'dragooning' as a sort of trench mentality, so that people held together and were led by their 'gallant' officers (my words, not his), as opposed to a more anarchic or egalitarian or trade union ethos, was illuminating, though I was left with a sneaking feeling about what else you could do under these conditions – when the back-filling *has* to be done by tomorrow? Wayne suggests that the ferocity of the conditions made it a sort of initiation test. Is that so bad? When I questioned Mike about what he'd have done, he said that, given the weather forecast, the process of closing down house 39 should have started earlier. But that would have gone against the ethos of wringing the last drop of information from the excavation.

Mike has recognised that the Leskernick project needs to be contextualised within a much longer sequence of education, whereby student understanding and expectation of what archaeology is, is inculcated, and cannot easily be questioned in the short period of time up on the hill.

I had negotiated with Sue last night the idea that, next year, after the two weeks of excavation before we come on site, *everyone*, all the archaeologists, should have 4 or 5 days to work with us. This would, for example, allow Sue to get involved in the art projects if she wanted to, would allow Gary and Helen to work on wall structures, would allow the students to be initiated into how we think, what we do, how it relates to what they've just been doing. Sue was very much in favour of the idea. When I mentioned this today, Mike was relatively negative because of the

longer term structural constraints of prior education. He reckoned we had to start the process of understanding well in advance of the sojourn on the hill. Chris was impatient because it would eat into our time – they'd hang around. Chris is interestingly ambiguous about democratisation – on the one hand very clear about our intention to democratise the writing up process, on the other suggesting that people could be 'extracted from the trenches' to wrap stones!

For the writing up we talked about different inputs –

- Wayne writing about the *process* of house recording and his sense of what he's seeing, to be complemented by discussions of different forms of representations – dig plan, Jeremy's plans and so on;
- Henry on visitors and local perceptions;
- Chris/Henry/Mike the story of the Rough Tor effect and the visual envelope/curtain project for Rough Tor and the quoit;
- Mike and Tony working together and separately on the sociology/material culture.
- Henry's diary more or less in full, plus, perhaps, on the opposite page excerpts of other people's perceptions of the same events. And so on.

Chris and I didn't assign ourselves specific tasks, though yesterday evening Chris had said that I seemed to be excluding him from the southern wall project (which I envisaged as commentaries and dialogues between Pete H., Helen, Gary and self). I guess I do feel that he's not so familiar with the southern settlement enclosures, but that the dialogue on enclosure and sequence and choice and perspective would bleed into a commentary/dialogue on house form and orientation, sequence etc. which he knows much more about. 'Bleed into' perhaps through the discussion of movement.

For the western settlement, Chris and I would work more closely together on walls, enclosures, clutter arrangements, and our understanding would bleed into that of Wayne's.

But where does the archaeology fit it? Our discussion of house form, inside and outside, and movement then bleeds into the excavation of house 39, tacking to and fro so that excavation and survey perceptions on wall construction, stone selection, house space, doorway, outside spaces talk to each other. There also has to be a meshing of the *surface* surveying and the *depth* excavation.

Talking about next year, Chris suggested that we divide into small teams of two and take on various other places – orientation, structures, walls, encircled stone, clutter arrangements etc.

I'm still not sure where the other projects for next year fit in: exhibition, camcorder, documentary, stone wrapping, things left over from this year. But maybe:

First week: finish off at Leskernick (could be done with everyone)
and setting up documentary

Second/third week: comparative work.

The documentary. I had thought we'd have to put a lot of our own thinking into it. Others seem to think that 'they' (whoever they are) should just be left to do 'their' documentary. I guess the consensus was that we work out the sorts of issues and interpretations that we'd like thought about and represented, and then we let them get on with it.

The exhibition. I was taken to task for seeing one of its aims as undermining the texts and certitudes that most Institute of Archaeology exhibitions have. That was pretty narrow. I had actually meant something more symbolic - that the Institute 'stood for' a particular way of seeing and doing that needed questioning. But that was only one strand of my thinking, the other was trying to get people to understand what we're thinking about – 'people' being lots of different people – local people who know the hill intimately, people who have never been there, specialists of one sort or another and so on. And then to find ways that allow them to respond with their ideas, feelings, reactions.

Some of the discussion was about doing pre-exhibition work using a series of very easily disseminated flyers/posters/web site and working on and with the responses we got. Absolutely right, though, as always when more advanced technology is involved, I quail at the unknown. I love low-tech stuff partly because it doesn't frighten me, and partly because it can be done quickly, by a few people. This, of course, comes out of the work at Branscombe – the creation of a sort of friendly cottage industry.

I need – reluctantly – to go back to last night. Chris and Sue and I had agreed to have supper. I offered to make it (I made Wayne's excellent potato/onion and cheese dish). It had been a stinker of a day – blowing, wet and punishing. I had arrived on site feeling that I knew what 'bone weary' meant. We'd done the western compound wall; niggled over the compound interior; I'd 'done' my billboard-stone in house 28. I did it by

myself, very quietly, first pasting it up in the tent, then cling-filming the stone and the paste-up. Not knowing at all how it would look, and thinking how typical it was of me to try something in this rather private way that might well not work out, but then – with relief – liking the effect, though not the yellow paint on the back of the stone, done in the pouring rain. Interesting how some colours work and others don't – white, yes; red in small amounts, yes; yellow, no. Came off the hill before the others and wondered whether they'd even bother (in the rain) to stop and look. (They did, and said they liked it. Not Chris though – he says he's a 'purist') In retrospect, today, in the howling gale, the little messages - 'laugh', 'the last shall be first', 'relax', 'all working together' - may well be deeply irritating. Maybe if the weather had been better they'd have put up counter-slogans! In retrospect, too, the different ways in which Chris and I approached the art says a lot about our different (gendered!) sensibilities. Chris worked his way through to signalling a ritualised symbolic landscape, I focussed in on a domestic space and created a communications billboard. Philosophical world view v. intimate social relations. Perhaps that's part of the reason why we both need each other. In many ways the whole project is the play-off between the two 'viewpoints'.

It had been a rough day. Come the evening I start cooking. Dave H. and Jennie arrive. He's obviously still in a great deal of pain and it's really nice that they've come over. Eventually I took them to Sue and Chris's caravan. Enjoyed their company but was also very aware that we wanted time on our own. They'd already eaten. I brought over our supper. They stayed. 10.20 they left.

(Interruption to diary writing. Mike W. has come in. Are we going on site? He's remembered he promised to take up a pasty for Gary. Mateism pulling him back up the hill. Chris, Crystal and Henry have already set off for lunch at the Rising Sun. So Mike and I make up a large flask of coffee, stop and buy pasties and mars bars for everyone (will they see it as a gift and a thought, or will they throw them, mentally or physically, into the trench to express their feeling that we've abandoned them? Will it seem like 'a tot of rum for the boys'?). I take Mike to Westmoorgate and then return to the Rising Sun).

So to continue where I left off: The Hoolies leave. We're all dead tired. We should have left the discussion for another time. But we haven't talked and it seemed important to get back into communication. We start on what the archaeologists want to do next year. Sue wants to complete house 39, do keyhole trenches on the wall and shrine, and do the northern

circle. I can't see the point of the northern circle and feel we need to do a cairn house. Also I would like Gary and Helen to have responsibility for some excavations – maybe Gary doing a keyhole excavation and Helen the cairn house. Should I have said this? Was it outside my remit? [In retrospect, undoubtedly 'yes'!] Chris then, much more aggressively, questions why the whole of house 39 needs excavating. He gets excited and impatient and finally quite bullying. Sue is angry and defensive. Chris calls her 'an empiricist' – the ultimate insult! Sue bursts into tears and runs out. Chris looks innocent. We talk it through, I call him 'a philistine', 'cavalier' and some other epithets I can't remember. He, as so often, disarms by agreeing. We chat on, though I'm feeling badly about Sue. But she, no doubt, is with Mike and Eric and Justin so there's nothing to be done. Eventually I come back to my caravan. Mike W. pops in for some tobacco. I admit there's been a row, then wish I hadn't. I know that if the diggers have heard about it, they'll be protective of Sue and cast us as the uncomprehending bullies – just as, earlier on, we perceived the diggers' treatment of Mike W. to be out of order.

Dream of a list of things that we're supposed to have done, but haven't. Wake up – for the first time since being here – with a stiff and painful neck. Run out in the rain to apologise to Sue. She's recovered (well, sort of), Chris has apologised. We'll survive!

Friday June 25

Last day. Weather marginally better. Anyway we *have* to go up on the hill to clear our 'life' away.

Had an excellent talk last night with Wayne about the art. We came up with several ideas. Work with the cairn, wrapping silver foil around *some* of the stones. Use human bodies (as in Gary's photo). Oil flares around the quoit. People carrying flares. Flares on the surrounding hills...

[I suspect there's a last entry somewhere on tape, but can't find it...]